



"I PICKED THEM FOR YOU"

THE GREAT WHITE FLEET



The Call of the Caribbean

South with the birds; cruising
over calm seas, blue as sapphire,
where winter never comes and
where the soft trade winds bring
renewed health

—with all the comforts and all
the luxuries of life you enjoy
aboard the palatial ships of the
GREAT WHITE FLEET.

Delicious meals a la carte—in-
cluded in price of ticket; prompt
and efficient service. Dainty
staterooms, perfectly ventilated,
commanding a view of sea and
sky; wide decks for playing
games

—every facility for the enjoyment of
a glorious out-of-door rest and vacation,
amid the scenes of romance and
history in the Caribbean.

And with it the opportunity to win
for yourself a treasure of health and
happiness, of greater benefit than
the fabled fountain of youth, sought
by adventurers in the tropic isles of
the Spanish Main.

Cruises from 16 to 24 Days to
**CUBA, JAMAICA, PANAMA
CANAL, CENTRAL and
SOUTH AMERICA**

Sailing of **GREAT WHITE
FLEET** Ships from New York every
Wednesday and Saturday and fort-
nightly on Fridays. Sailing from
New Orleans every Wednesday,
Thursday and Saturday. Write for
literature to:

Passenger Department
**UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE**

17 Battery Place New York

"Long Sunny Days on Magic Seas
That Welcome You With Health"



The Piper Goes

MY pack is bound together,
The winds are calling clear;
Have ye not doubted whether
I bode contented here?
With feet a-dance for hill and down,
I fare me forth beyond the town.

Oh, house and spire and tavern,
Grim wall and dusty street—
I seek a distant cavern,
Wild seas and mermaids fleet;
Though gladly gave ye food and rest,
Ye would not stay a wearied guest.

Ye damsels at whose pleasure
My pipe would secrets tell—
Forgive that this my measure
A kiss and a farewell—
The piper's way is far and long,
And he but constant to his song!

Charlotte Becker.



IT'S A WISE CHILD WHO KNOWS HER FATHER

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1915, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-nine years. In that time it has expended \$157,495.60 and has given a fortnight in the country to 37,778 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$8,129.09
V. D. S. et al.....	5.00
"California"	1.00
Mrs. E. W. Newhall.....	1.00
J. C. Spencer.....	5.00
F. J. McGowan.....	2.50
Ridgefield Baseball Club.....	30.00
"Cottage Services, Canandaigua Lake, N. Y.".....	55.00
Miss K. Ayerigg.....	12.88
	\$8,241.47

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

One box containing underclothing, overcoat, hat, four rompers and about a dozen toys suitable for a boy; and one box containing underclothing, dresses and about a dozen toys suitable for a girl, from Mrs. Frank J. Hermes, Quaker Ridge, New Rochelle, N. Y.



"I READ IN TH' PAPER, BILL, WHERE THERE'S GOIN' TO BE A SWELL COMIN'-OUT PARTY IN TOWN NEX' WEEK!"

"JUST MY LUCK! DOCTOR SAYS I HAVE TO AVOID ALL EXCITEMENT."



Auto Enthusiast: DON'T GO SO FAST OVER THE ROUGH SPOTS, HAROLD. LET UP ON THE GAS AND RELEASE YOUR CLUTCH A BIT.

An Old Friend of "Life"

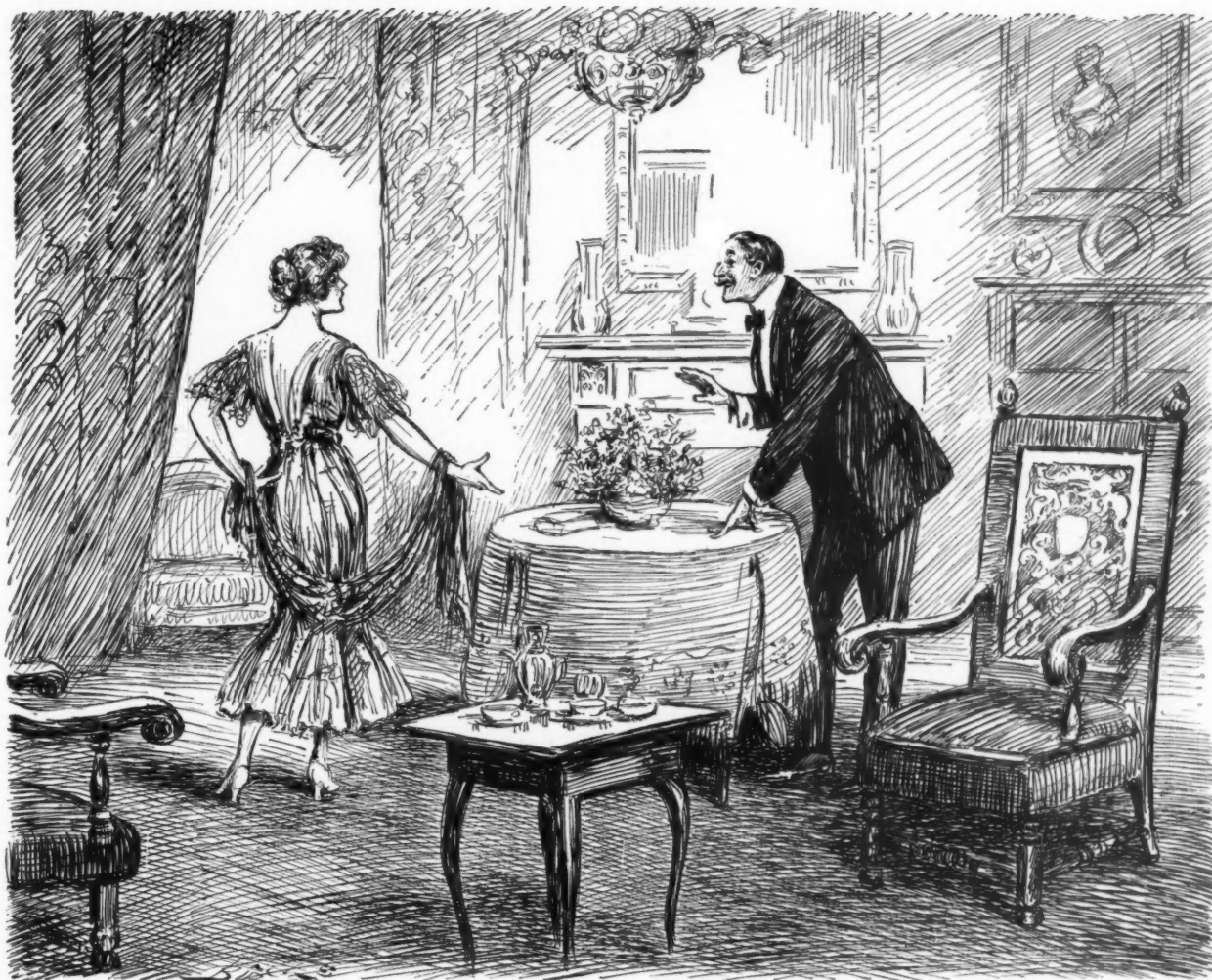
The writer of the best light verse written in America, Professor Frank Dempster Sherman, died Tuesday (September 19th). The pure lyric note—frail, impalpable, gracile—he sounded as truly and as beautifully as Herrick, Locker, Praed and Dobson at their best.

SO "F. P. A." in the *Tribune*.

It is an interesting estimate of a charming poet who respected his art, and practised it to admiration.

He was one of the earliest contributors to *LIFE*, and a poem of his in its second number was written while he was still an undergraduate of Columbia. His beginnings in literature go back to the days when Bunner edited *Puck* and Brander Matthews lived in the Twenties, and the verse market was narrower than it is now, and *vers libre* had not been invented, and the votaries were retailers and very thoughtful of rhyme and measure and quality generally.

For nearly thirty years Mr. Sherman had been a teacher in Columbia University, where since 1904 he had been head of the Department of Graphics. Verse was his avocation, and in that he was happy. One laments that a life so well ordered, so valuable and so gracefully adorned should not have run through to a fuller term.



He: DARLING, YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUT ON A NEW DRESS EVERY TIME I CALL. I HAVE FAITH IN YOUR EXTRAVAGANCE

Campaign Movies

THE Republican managers want to run a campaign movie called "Watchful Waiting," showing Wilson asleep at his desk, and garnished with an attack on Mexican nuns by Villista bandits.

But the production seems to inspectors like Everett Colby a little too rank, and at this writing it is still held up for emendations.

As campaign liars the movies would beat the orators as far as the new caterpillar batteries beat machine-guns in the war. A speaker stands personally and visibly back of what he says, but a movie is a mere mechanism and can't

be brought to book. It is the habit of mankind to believe what it sees. The movie can put an absolute lie in such form that every false detail of it bores in to the observer's sensibilities and leaves a violent emotion behind it. You may know the picture is a lie, but it is hard to avoid its effect.

A Western Verdict

A WESTERN desperado had been killed. There was scarcely any evidence against the man who shot him. The coroner's jury brought in the following verdict:

"We, the jury, find 'Bad Bill' was killed with his boots on. We're against killin'; but thank God Bill's dead."

Omnia Vanitas

WHERE the pterodactyl tarried on
the prehistoric plains,
And the plesiosaur was dining on the
mastodon's remains,
Lay the one original stoic in his cavern
mesozoic,
Saying, "Nothing can unhinge me,
though the weather freeze or singe
me,
I am stoic, I am calm; my remains they
will embalm;
I have founded a new cult." But the
only known result
Was, he stoically stuck there, history's
pages to embellish,
And a dinosaur used him for a
relish.

In a neolithic hillside, by the carbonif-
erous wave,
Was a pile of branches, lying in a dark
and drafty cave,
Where the one primordial cynic on his
feelings held a clinic,
Saying, "All my thoughts I analyze;
this life is merely banal lies,
I sneer at all creation; 'tis not worth
consideration;
All the universe I flout." Just to prove
it he went out,
Sneering cruelly at nature; but he
heard a sudden swoop,
And he merely served the dinosaur
for soup.

By a fire in a forest, in a shady fern-
tree glade,
Hacking at a greasy ham-bone with a
flint-knife he had made,
Sat the primal Epicurus, chewing hard
on *caro durus*,
Saying, "Life's main end is pleasure;
let me have it in full measure;
Here I am, and here I stay; I shall live
but for to-day;
Naught can worry or derange me; I
defy the earth to change me."
But the dinosaur came ambling through
the forest, dark and dim,
And he quickly made a fish course
out of him.

In a well-appointed cavern, lined with
cringing rows of slaves
And with lots of secret entrances to
hidden treasure-caves,
Sat the first-known self-made man,
'neath a serf-swung palm-leaf fan,
Saying, "Debtors still defy me, think
to slip by some means by me;
Well, I'm old and somewhat portly, but
I'll foreclose on them shortly;
I'm the greatest of my time! I shall
live in prose and rhyme."
But our hungry dinosaur passed and
heard his little boast,
And immediately used him for the
roast.

Near a slab of ancient granite, carving
lines in hieroglyphic,
Writing triolets and rondeaux with a
rhyme scheme most terrific,
Crouched a lone primeval poet, wishing
all the world to know it,
Saying, "Nobly shall I sing, so that all
the world shall ring,
I shall write an epic poem; I'll convince
the folks, I'll show 'em
What a wondrous man am I!" But
our old friend happened by,
And before the rhymers settled on the
metre for his ballad,
He was simply doing duty as a
salad.

In a comfortable hollow on a shingly
hill of shale,
Where the tropic sun was tempered by
the neolithic gale,
Lay our dinosaur, replete, wishing
nothing more to eat,
Saying, "Nature is my larder; I have
learned to so regard her;
I have eaten famous men; I shall do
the same again."
But there came, his peace to vex, a
tyrannosaurus rex,
And before our bloated dinosaur could
save himself from hurt,
He was just tyrannosaurus's
dessert.

F. G. Hartswick.

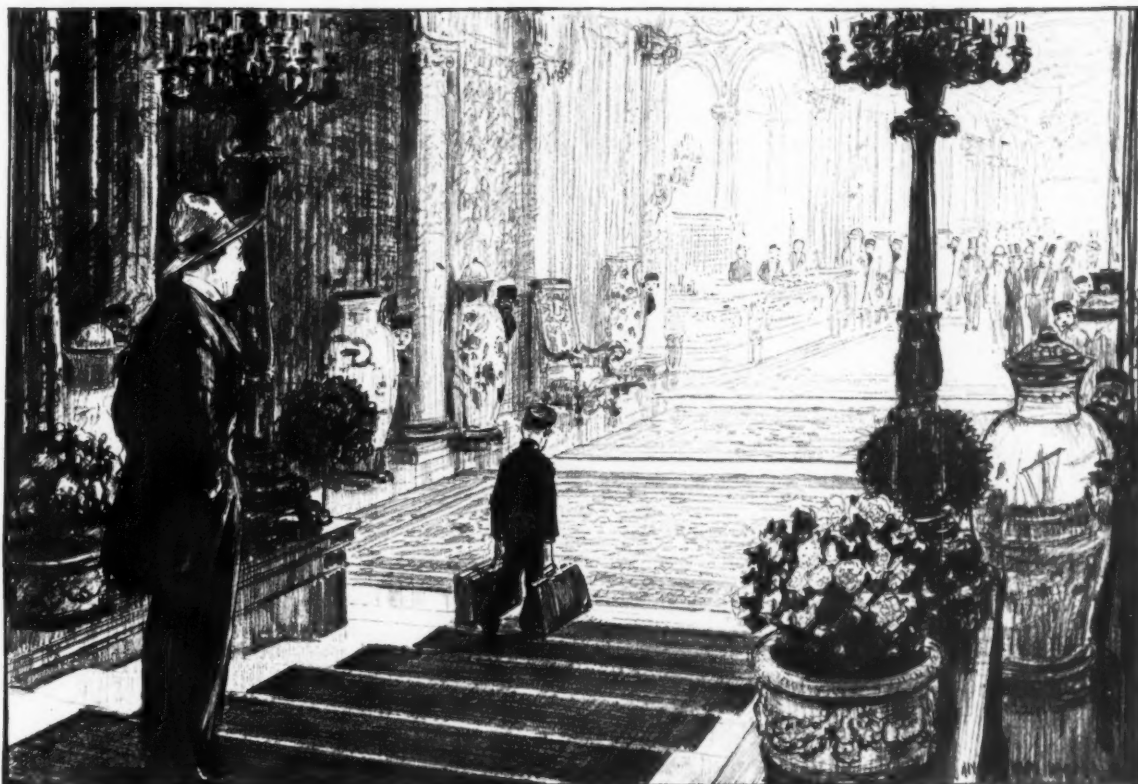


"DEAR ME! I HOPE THE LIGHTNING
DOESN'T STRIKE THOSE RAILROAD-SPIKES
I HAD FOR LUNCH."

What She Heard

VISITOR: When the explosion oc-
cured did you hear the detona-
tions?

MRS. MALONEY: No; shure if there
were iny they were drowned out by
the sound av the dynamite going off.



ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES, FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF ALI BABA

Offset

The most hopeful fact pointing to President Wilson's re-election is that Dr. Charles W. Eliot will vote for him. Dr. Eliot's presidential candidate has won in every election since 1880, unless one is deplorably misinformed.—*Springfield Republican*.

BUT at last accounts President Lowell was going to vote for Hughes, and every presidential candidate Dr. Lowell has voted for since he came of age has won

An Indescent Dream

MRS. CRABSHAW: You don't object to women having the ballot, do you?

CRABSHAW: Not exactly; but the methods they employ to get it show that they would be just as unscrupulous politicians as the men.



First Litigant: WHAT DO YOU SAY TO SETTLING OUR QUARREL OUTSIDE?

The Line-Up of the Independents

A LOT of voters are for Wilson because they are Democrats, and a lot for Hughes because they are Republicans, but the election will be settled by the Independents.

They have been slow to make their choice, but by now most of them have made it, and some of them have disclosed what it is.

No doubt it is subject, like railroad time-tables, to change without notice, but barring accidents and very moving developments, it will hold.

There has been very little herding of Independents either way. Choices are remarkably individual. Heirs to the same political tradition go opposite ways. President Eliot is for Wilson; President Lowell for Hughes; Amos Pinchot is for Wilson, Gifford for Hughes; Harry Garfield is for Wilson, James for Hughes. So it is: brothers go different ways; fathers and sons separate politically this year. There is very little heat and almost no acrimony in the contest, but more cool and protracted reflection than



PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

ON RETURNING HOME AFTER A WEEK AT A COUNTRY BOARDING-HOUSE



THE LURE

there has been in many a presidential year. Men choose according to their fundamental beliefs and internal bent. They excuse or denounce what they conceive to be Mr. Wilson's errors according to the faith that is in them. The details of his performance are not the determining factor. The great matter is the governing idea that is in him and that has found expression in his course as a whole. People think they see in him a champion of something they believe in and line up with him, or they see in him a representative of ideas that they fear, or of mere political selfishness, and line up with Hughes.

Roger Babson gave a good illustration of this process which has been going on when he wrote to the League of Wilson Independents in Massachusetts:

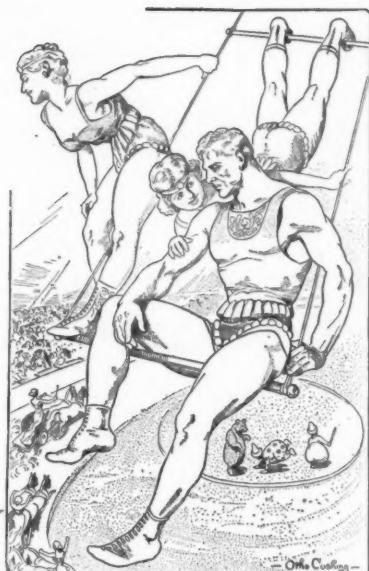
Although naturally a Republican, I feel that Mr. Wilson stands for certain fundamentals of applied Christianity which the

world is greatly in danger of losing sight of if he should be defeated.

That expresses the attitude of a good many Independents. Mr. Wilson stands for applied Christianity as they see it. The Roman Catholic brethren, however, do not see him in that light. One hears on all sides that the influence of the hierarchy is opposed to him. His notions of applied Christianity seem to go very much against their grain, and they especially disapprove of his efforts or lack of effort in



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



SAFETY FIRST

"SAY, DAD, CAN I LEARN TO DRIVE IN THE CHARIOT RACES NEXT SEASON?"
"FORGET IT, KID. I AIN'T GOIN' TO HAVE YOU RISKIN' YER LIFE EVERY NIGHT."

Mexico. Also a good many non-Catholic Independents distrust the integrity of his mind so much as to be unable to detect applied Christianity in any expedient that he uses.

The Germans are dead against him all along the line. Heaven knows what favor for the Fatherland they expect from Hughes, but if Hughes wins he will probably owe his victory to their favor, and they seem to hope to be able to collect their dues.

A good many Independents have had a great deal to get over in coming to Mr. Wilson. Some have been mad about Mexico, some about the Lusitania, some about Belgium, some about Bryan or Daniels, some because Mr. Wilson was so slow in moving for military preparation, some because finally he did move, some lately because they thought he let the Brotherhoods make a monkey of him. Among the voters for him will be representatives of every one of these grievances, but for him, in spite of all of them, because he looks to them, on the whole, to be a safe and notable leader of de-

mocracy, with both the purpose and the capacity to promote the welfare of the mass of the people.

It is what is ingrained in Mr. Wilson's nature, attested by his achievements as President, that attracts the Independents whom he does attract and repels those who are repelled. He is not in all respects good-tasting medicine, but he seems to his backers to be strong stuff that goes to the spot that needs medication.

He has been and is concerned with very great things. He is assailed about comparatively small things. All Mr. Hughes could do up to very lately was punch him up about details. There are those who smile, and in spite of their esteem for Mr. Hughes, agree a good deal with the sentiment expressed by Mr. Pollak in a letter to the *Evening Post*, that at one of the greatest crises in the world's history Mr. Hughes has run for President as if he were running for pound-keeper in a country village.

So Mr. Pollak wrote in August. Mr. Hughes has worked up some new issues since then, but with the Germans to avoid, and the "interests" to appease, and the tariff to cater to, and the good old Republican robber barons to hold to their allegiance, he really has found it hard work to get down to anything that looked like real brass tacks.

The primary Republican accusation

that Mr. Wilson's foreign policy had disgraced our country in the eyes of the world went flat in all its tires before the managers could get it out of the garage. Mr. Hughes has never ventured to use it. He sees Mr. Wilson disgraced in the eyes of every good German-American, and lets it go at that without a word.

E. S. M.

Why Not Be Sensible?

TO the ennuied of earth who are looking for a new and lasting sensation we would offer the query: Why not be sensible?

If you have never tried looking at things in a sensible way, you cannot imagine what supreme delights there are in an excursion into this little-frequented domain of human activity. There are drawbacks to be sure. But the drawbacks are greatly outweighed by the advantages. We have known people, who, after leading unsensible lives from early childhood, have taken up the sensible life and have never led any other life from that time on. That, however, is going to extremes and is therefore to be carefully shunned, but it only goes to show how being sensible can take hold of you if you give it a chance.

AND forgive us our debts as we forgive our creditors.



THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING



A FAST YOUNG MAN

His Best

SHE (*on board ship*): Mr. Jones, if I fell overboard and were drowning, would you jump in and save me?

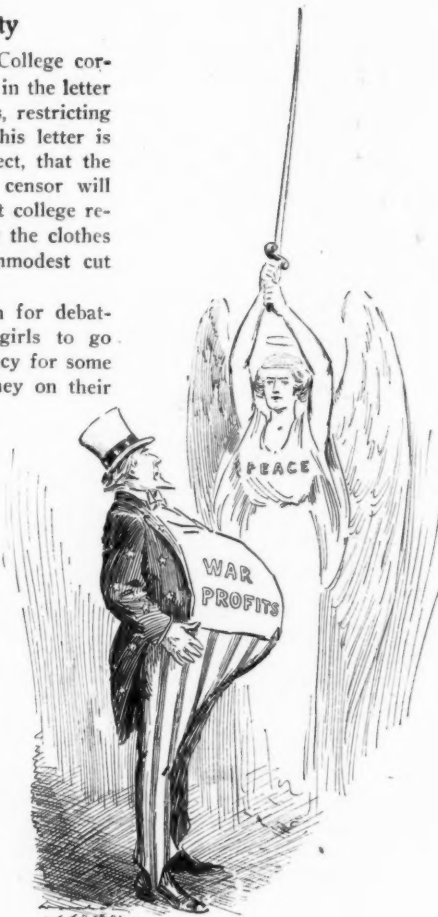
HE (*hesitating, but honest*): By Jove! Do you know, I don't believe I could. But I tell you what I would do: I would watch you drown with the deepest sorrow and regret.

WHAT would happen if all the child laborers in the country—or even a proportion—should notify the President that they would strike unless he guaranteed them at least eight hours of real childhood a week?

Swarthmore and Immodesty

ARE the authorities of Swarthmore College correct in the position they have taken, in the letter they have sent to parents and guardians, restricting the styles in the dress of students? This letter is no feeble document. It declares, in effect, that the clothes which do not pass the college censor will either be altered to conform to the latest college requirements or will be returned. Among the clothes barred out are skirts and gowns of immodest cut and length and chiffon waists.

This would be an interesting question for debating societies. Nobody wants college girls to go about in immodest costumes. The tendency for some girls in college to spend too much money on their clothes does not make for the best scholastic ideals, nor is it conformable with the higher aims of our democracy. But, on the other hand, what is immodesty? and is it not better and safer in the long run to let students be free enough in their preferences to find themselves? If an institution in its fundamental aims and its ultimate purposes is sound, would not any student who transgresses the unwritten law be more likely to return more quickly to the fold of propriety by silence than by aggressive supervision? We are not firmly committed to this view. We merely state it. We



"FAREWELL! A LONG FAREWELL TO ALL MY GREATNESS!"

confess freely that our moderate intelligence shrinks from giving a final decision upon such an important matter.

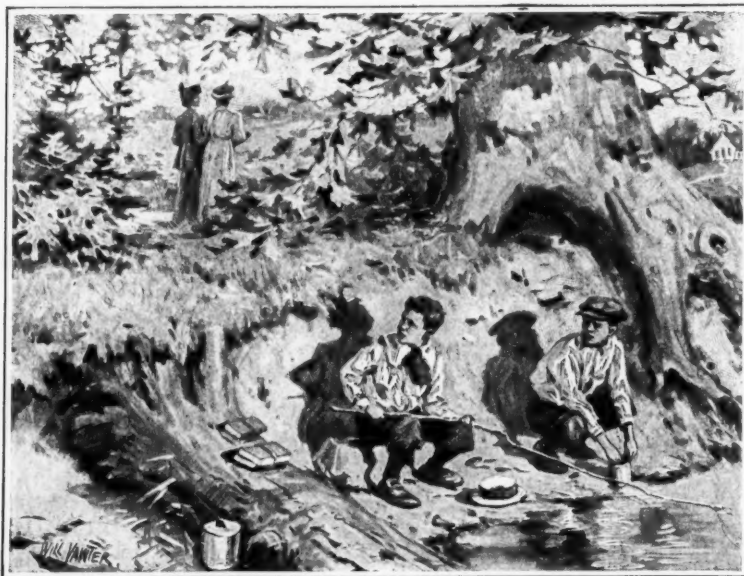
Wounds

WHEN we pay an ex-soldier for wounds received on the military field of battle we call it a pension.

When we pay an ex-employee for wounds received on the industrial field of battle we call it damages.

When we pay an ex-wife for wounds received on the domestic field of battle we call it alimony.

OPERA SEASON: A short period for close-range observation of the singers you hear on the phonograph and see in the films the rest of the year.



FROM THE ROAD

"WOULDN'T THE BOYS BE PLEASED IF THEY KNEW WE WERE GOING TO VISIT THE SCHOOL?"



WHEN HE STOPS TO THINK

The Only Man Who Didn't Get It

THE great ball at the Kaiserhof was at its height. Brave officers, so weighted with medals that they listed heavily to starboard, were dancing with beautiful women wearing from eleven to forty pounds of glass beads.

Suddenly a murmur ran through the vast and glittering assemblage. A name passed rapidly from lip to lip. Great generals ceased their pirouetting to peer over the heads of near-by dancers, while field-marsals, Cabinet ministers and members of the Reichstag hurriedly placed themselves in positions where they might obtain an unobstructed view of the person who had caused all the excitement.

"Who is this man?" asked a fair damsel of her partner, a sturdy war-

rior of seventeen or nineteen years of age, clad in the uniform of an ober-lieutenant. "What has he ever done? Did he capture ten regiments of Russians with one hand tied behind his back, or is he the man who butted the bull off the bridge?"

Her partner gazed at her in astonishment. "My dear young lady," he cried in pained tones, "where have you been keeping yourself? Of all the men who rose to greatness during the war, this man has achieved the highest pinnacle of success. He stands alone on the tip of the nation's most exclusive and inaccessible peak of military renown. Until the last page of history has crumbled into dust, his name shall shine out with all the brilliance of a searchlight. Until—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the maiden

impatiently, "skip all that and tell me what it was he did!"

"Why, my dear," replied her partner, "he's the only man in the German army who wasn't awarded the Iron Cross!"

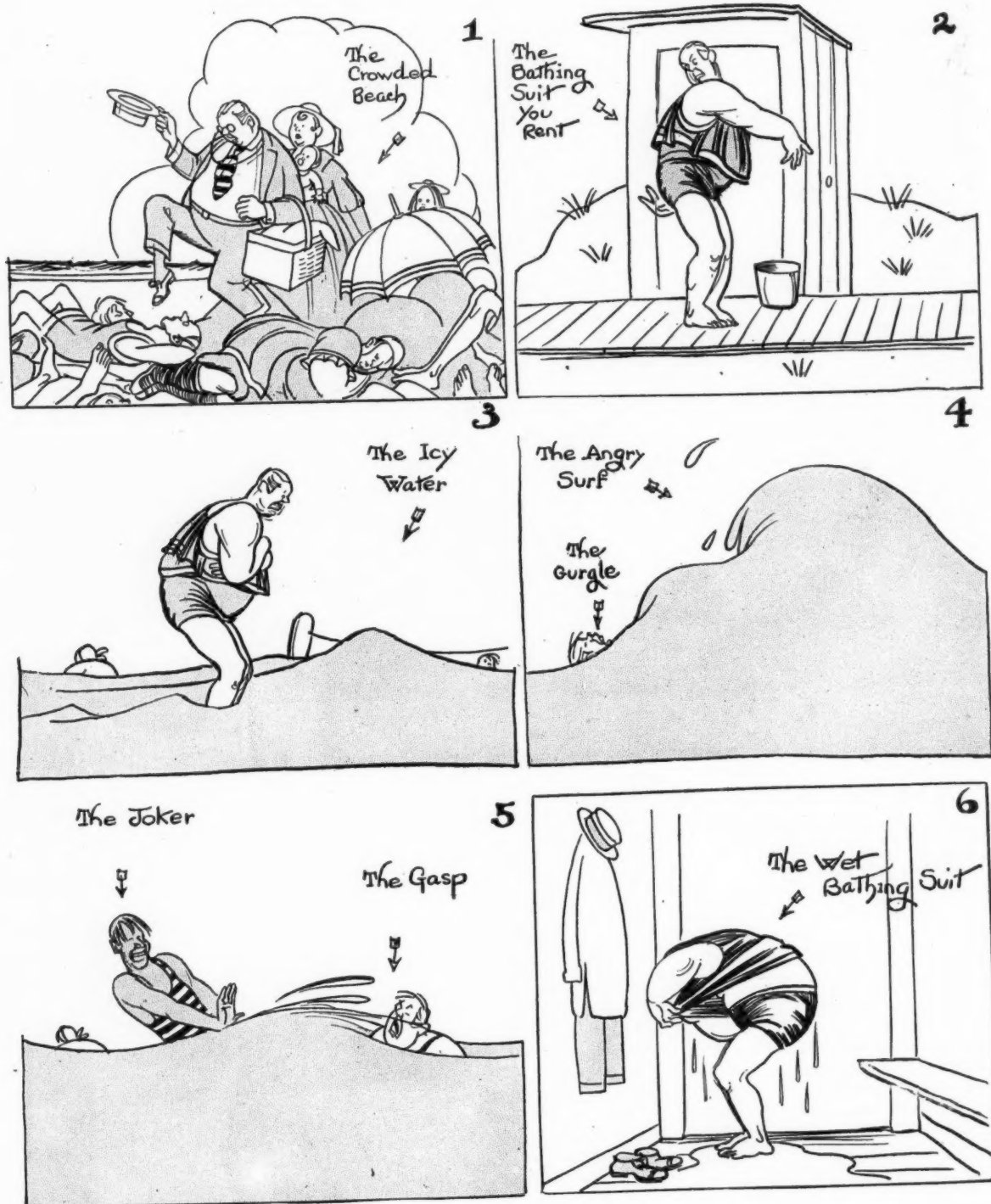
A moment later the assemblage burst into passionate cheers, while strong men pressed forward, trampling women and waiters under foot in their eagerness to do homage to the greatest man in Germany.

K. L. Roberts.

Method

LITTLE Willie had been invited out. "I want to make you feel quite at home," said the hostess.

"But I don't want to feel at home," objected Willie. "At home I can only have one piece of cake."



THE BEACH PARTY

The Being Buried 7



The Shore Dinner 8



The Silhouette Artist 9



The Fagged Feeling 10



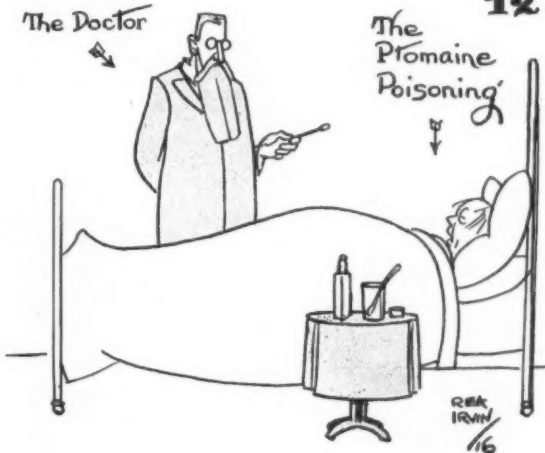
The Shore Dinner

11



The Doctor

The Promaine Poisoning 12





Riding Master: CUT THAT OUT, HICKS! HORSES IS SCARCE ENOUGH IN THE ARMY WITHOUT YOUR DELIBERATELY TRYIN' TO STRANGLE 'EM.

Germans Are Anti-Wilson

IN Texas Culberson (pro-Wilson) ran against Colquitt (anti-Wilson). There are several counties in Texas in which the population is almost wholly German. One of them gave Culberson three votes. Another gave him sixty votes, and Colquitt eight hundred. Culberson won hands down, but the vote of these counties illustrates the German attitude towards the administration.

It is justified.

Mr. Wilson would make a very poor German of the current type. The ideas he stands for may presently impose civilization on the Prussians, but they are fundamentally antagonistic to the imposition of Prussian *Kultur* on a protesting world. He has neither the

brutality to be a war-lord nor the docility to be *canon fodder*. The Germans are right in hating him so long as they are out to beat democracy, for he is out to make it win.

How It Was

WILLIS: I just had a letter from Bump down on the border.

GILLIS: He wrote me last week. He said the troops lacked food, clothing and ammunition.

WILLIS: They have plenty of them now.

GILLIS: The government came across, did it?

WILLIS: Oh, no. The boys captured a lot of stuff that some American Relief Society was sending to the Mexicans.

Who, Which, What?

A VOTE for Wilson means a vote for peace at any price.

It also means a vote for Daniels. Both are humiliating.

On the other hand a vote for Hughes means anything. As the *New York World* has truly said:

In no other civilized country would such a campaign as Mr. Hughes is making be possible. Anywhere else a party leader seeking to overthrow the Government in power would necessarily have a constructive programme of his own. He could not be the leader unless he had such a programme. He could not get a hearing unless he had something of his own to present.

In asking them to elect him President, Mr. Hughes is asking the American people to sign their names to a blank check and let him fill it out after election to suit himself. It is the most amazing situation in the history of American politics.

So there you have it.

The Newspaper Standpoint

WILLIS: Going to the party?

GILLIS: No. I haven't any lady.

WILLIS: Come with me. I've got two extras.

GILLIS: Who are they?

WILLIS: Miss Oldbud and Miss Passé.

GILLIS: They're not extras. They're early editions.



"GET UP. I WANT MY BREAKFAST."

Advertisements You Have Never Seen

BANG!

There Goes
Another
**FLABBY
SKID**
Tire.

ROTTEN RUBBER,
CHEESE-CLOTH AND
A FLIM-FLAM
GUARANTEE.

"As Poor As They Make Them."



Featherlight

Music Box

With Non-stop
Records

CAN BE THROWN FROM ANY WINDOW



TRY MY SYSTEM OF
**PHYSICAL
TRAINING.**

I WAS AS
STRONG AS
YOU ARE-AND
LOOK AT ME
NOW!

HERCULES MCGILLICUDDY



See the Man

LO and behold the man.

The man is very, very busy. What is the man doing?

The man is earnestly intent upon skinning his neighbor.

Why does the man wish to skin his neighbor?

Because that is the eminently proper thing to do in the highly civilized age in which he finds himself.

Is it not dishonorable to skin one's neighbor?

Oh, no; quite the contrary. In the twenty-third verse of the nineteenth chapter of the gospel according to St. Fiscal, it says: Blessed is he that skinneth his neighbor for he shall wax fat and prosperous and he shall be respected of men and the words that falleth from his lips shall be as pearls of wisdom.

But how about the neighbor who is skinned? Does he not feel sorely aggrieved?

Oh, no. It is all in the day's work for him. It merely makes it necessary for him to go forth and find a neighbor that he may likewise skin.

Do you mean, then, that your civilization is based upon a skinning system?

No. Our civilization is based upon a helter-skelter, hit-or-miss chaos that is

without form or system. If there were system, there would be no skinning.

Why don't the people get together and change it into a more sane and orderly arrangement?

Because they are too busy skinning their neighbors.

Ellis O. Jones.

No Danger

FOND FATHER: My son is taking algebra under you this term, is he not?

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER: He has been exposed to algebra, but I doubt if he will take it.



LA RÉVOLUTION RÉPUBLICAINE

THE PEOPLE BEGIN TO MURMUR AT QUEEN MARIE WILSONETTE AND HER
MINISTER OF MARINE

To My Country

BEFORE the eyes of all the world
My loyalty I proudly swear.
Where shields are pierced and lances
hurled

I take my place with you to dare.
Though banners flaunt or low are furled,
Your fate I share.

A fealty too high for fear.

That gathers honor being known;
Amid the press I draw me near,
Proclaim your title for my own.
And though your claim be not proved
clear—

Your feet, my throne.

So trusting, I may make them trust;

So worshiping, may make them pause;
So drawing, where their swords long
rust,

Compel a people to your laws.

Until I am but dust of dust,

Your cause, my cause.

Westmore Willcox, Jr.

IN strikes, the next worse thing to hav-
ing the strikers win is to have them
lose, and the next worse thing to having
them lose is to have them win.



IF SIR WALTER RALEIGH WERE HERE TO-DAY



"PARDON ME, SIR. COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE FORTY-
SECOND STREET IS?"

"ER—NO. I ONLY KNOW ABOUT THE EAR, NOSE AND
THROAT."

The Elusive Germ

FROM Austria comes the announcement that the typhus germ has been discovered. Whereupon we are constrained to remark: "What! Again?"

How different are germs from Americas and North Poles! When a Christopher Columbus (or was it Amerigo Vespucci?) discovers America it stays discovered for all time. So also when a Peary (or was it Dr. Cook?) discovers the North Pole. But not so with the germs that our doctors talk about so knowingly, and especially not so with the typhus germ. It is discovered every little while, but it consistently refuses to stay discovered. The worst part of it is that every time it is discovered it requires a different style serum.

Let us hope, therefore, that this latest discovery possesses a little more permanency. It would be great if this newly discovered germ would get married and settle down somewhere, with a regular address and a telephone connection, so that we would have a chance to become acquainted with it.

Mileage Per Gallon

WILLIS: Just think of it! Those Spanish hidalgos would go three thousand miles on a galleon!

GILLIS: Nonsense. You can't believe half you read about those foreign cars.





OCTOBER 12, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

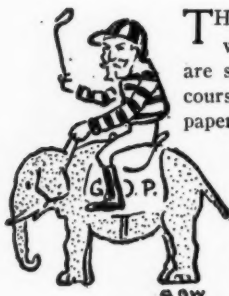
VOL. 68
No. 1772

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

THE leading events from week to week just now are speeches and political discourses published in the newspapers. September went out with a brisk fusillade of them. Dr. Wilson at Long Branch lambasted the Republican party, Dr. Roosevelt at Battle Creek attacked Dr. Wilson, Dr. Eliot put out, in the *Atlantic*, his reasons for keeping along with Dr. Wilson instead of trying to swap him.

Dr. Wilson is making excellent discourses. His address to the Young Men's Democratic League on September 30th was a real entertainment. Everybody knows that the Republican party went to smash four years ago. Dr. Wilson explained why it went to smash, and why it is quite unnecessary at this time to make any serious attempt to resuscitate it. It is now compounded, he said, of elements absolutely contradictory to one another. It has, therefore, no policies. What its leaders want is to get control and then determine policies in private conference.

"A party that merely wants to get control does not have to have any policies." So Dr. Wilson said, and doubtless that is why there has not been more meat in Mr. Hughes' speeches. He cannot afford in this campaign to speak from his heart or have vital opinions. He does not represent a party that has vital opinions or vital intentions. He merely represents a great hope—the hope of the gentlemen who know it all, who, as Mr. Wilson says, "have the absolute by the wool" and are sure that

they ought to run the country—that by hook or crook, by aid of the Germans and all the Adullamites they may be able to squeeze back again into the seats of the mighty.

Can they do it? Does the country want the Old Guard back, want Warren back as Chairman of Military Affairs in the Senate, and Smith of the Navy Committee of the House, and Smoot, and Penrose and all the tariff makers? Does it want them back badly enough to turn out an administration which, Dr. Eliot computes, has accomplished more that is worth while than the five preceding Republican administrations?

It may be that a skilful combination of animosities and aspirations will do the job, but if so, what is the Old Guard going to do with Hughes, and he with them? The process of co-ordinating the incongruous will not be rapid. It will take a good while to find out who's who, and what to do and how to do it. It will be a swap from a going machine to a lot of un-assembled parts, and not parts that have ever been together or were ever meant to go together, but a junk-shop collection gathered from several wrecks. It is not a change to be contemplated with much complacency with the world in its present condition.

President Wilson said at Long Branch:

From this time until the 7th of November it is going to be practically impossible for the present administration to handle any critical matter concerning our foreign relations, because all foreign statesmen are waiting to see which way the election goes, and in the meantime

they know that settlements will be inconclusive.

It is bad enough to wait until election day, but to wait until the fourth of March would be seriously worse, especially with none but seventh sons able then to forecast what sort of policy would succeed the one election had repudiated.



IF the Colonel were running it would be different. If he were elected we should know at least where we were. The Colonel changes his mind as freely as anyone. He changed it about a third term, about Taft, about the impossibility of the Progressive chickens ever coming back under the Republican hen, but still we have a record of the Colonel, and can measure him, and he will usually disclose what his mind is at any given time.

He disclosed a good deal of it in his speech at Battle Creek. In so far as he could, he even put back in the Republican platform that discarded plank about Mr. Wilson having "destroyed our influence abroad and humiliated us in our own eyes." He sailed into Mr. Wilson good and plenty, not disguising that he thought him a coward, a peace-at-any-price man, and an artificer of calumny. And he explained what Mr. Wilson ought to have done in several instances by citing the exploits of a gentleman who was President just before Mr. Taft.

But what did it all come to?

It was as though he said, "Mr. Wilson is not a bit like me. He has not done what I should have done, his mind does not work as mine does, his conception of the proper regulation of human affairs is totally different from mine, and he has not got my grit. I am right, and he is dead wrong. Gentlemen, vote for Hughes!"

But why Hughes, Colonel?

Why vote for Hughes because Mr. Wilson is so unlike you?

Do you really think Judge Hughes is materially more like you than Mr. Wilson is?



Ding dong bell,
Doggie's in the well.
Who put him in?

Little Teddy Green.
Who pulled him out?
Little Charley Stout.

Oh, no, Colonel. You can't think so. Leave it to any impartial observer. Leave it to Mr. George W. Perkins if there is any appreciable resemblance to you in Hughes, and whether your advocacy of Hughes is not almost certain to turn out another horrible tragedy of misplaced political affection.



IF the Colonel could have wound up his Battle Creek speech with the demand "Vote for me; I am the Only One," there would have been real point to it, but there is nothing for him but futility and the seeds of disappointment in his idea of electing Hughes. It makes one feel that, after all, the Colonel is only an amateur in politics. He does not seem to understand people. He said at Battle Creek:

I ask you to test the character and courage of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson by comparing their attitudes as regards the demands of the railway Brotherhoods, which culminated

recently in the miscalled eight-hour legislation at Washington.

Let us do it. Mr. Wilson pitched in, took a big responsibility, stopped the strike, and made the railroads all mad by getting Congress to pass the experimental Adamson bill. Mr. Hughes, who was under no bonds of silent submission, lay low and uttered never a bleat till the bill was passed and the danger of a strike averted. Then, when insured against all dangerous consequences, he came out bold as a lion and proclaimed that the Adamson bill was the limit. In this case, then, certainly the prize for caution must go to Mr. Hughes. Mr. Wilson took some chances and great responsibility. Mr. Hughes carefully avoided taking either.

It is obvious that the Colonel would be promptly disappointed in Mr. Hughes as President, and no true friend of Roosevelt should accept his suggestion to vote for Hughes. He says that for a year and a half he tried conscientiously to support Mr. Wilson and never reviled him in all that time. That seems a long time, but for purposes of comparison the

period when he was absent locating the River of Doubt, or occupied writing it up, should be deducted, just as the period of his absence in Africa and Europe, lion- and king-hunting, should be deducted from the elapsed time between his retirement from the White House and the first vocalization of his displeasure with Mr. Taft. He gave the impression at Battle Creek that he had put up with Mr. Wilson longer than he usually puts up with Presidents, but it may be that he has forgotten to deduct his absences from the country, and so reached a mistaken conclusion.

For of course it is no credit to any ex-President to put up with a successor when he is not in the country.

The truth seems to be that the Colonel is not so progressive as he supposes, but belongs to the old school of government that believes in knocking the block off of any nation that seems contumacious. He seems to suffer from that "insidious passion for prestige," which, M. Guyot says, has gotten Europe so deep into war. Mr. Wilson is very little affected by this ailment, and has indeed quite a valuable gift of meekness. But to the Colonel meekness is abhorrent, and always was. He does not seem to understand about it at all, which is odd, because he is very kind and has a sense of humor, so you would expect him to understand everything.

But, somehow, he is not on to meekness. It is too bad. And that is one reason why we must never expect him to like another living President.



AS for Mr. Hughes' courage, no doubt he has courage, but after all it was he who gave as a reason for coming out for a constitutional amendment about woman suffrage his fear of the bitterness of the women's fight for suffrage. Is it then so much less timid to advocate a constitutional amendment to avoid the bitterness of a fight with women, than to urge an experimental law to avert the bitterness of a general railroad strike?

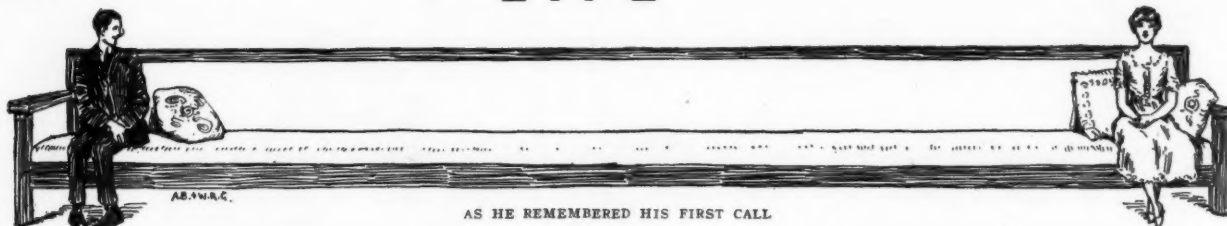


Tragic moments

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE—TIME EIGHT-FIFTY-FIVE AND STILL.



Tragic moments
EIGHT-FIFTY-THREE AND STILL WAITING FOR DINNER TO BE ANNOUNCED



AS HE REMEMBERED HIS FIRST CALL



Running the Dramatic Gamut

DILETTANTEISM is carried almost to the limit in "Hush" at the Little Theatre. In the very delightful surroundings of that charming diminutive playhouse Mr. Winthrop Ames has chosen to give us this time a product of the pen and brain of Violet Pearn. A name so unusual as that of the author should have fixed itself in the memory if she had ever accomplished anything else. Failing that remembrance, she must be accepted as an amateur in play-writing or as a wig for someone trying, under a sobriquet, to palm off a poor imitation of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Shaw's iconoclasm is present in "Hush," but not the wit that washes it down.

Accepting, for the sake of argument, that there is such a person as Violet Pearn, that she is a woman and that she wrote "Hush," she is an example of the very thing she tries to satirize—the tendency of the new woman to parade immodesty in speech and act as an evidence of her newly discovered brain power. The era of "prunes and prisms" marked one extreme, and to-day we have reached the other, when women in drama, literature, dress and speech are trying to demonstrate their new freedom by the bravado that used to identify the bawd.

In this case the lady uses her new freedom of the stage to satirize the modesty that used to hedge the circumstances of child-birth. That modesty may perhaps have been carried to an extreme, but it wasn't so serious in its possibilities as the present reaction which gives unbalanced women the power to lead their more timid sisters into all sorts of excesses with counterfeit intellectuality as an excuse.

"Hush," as a play, comes pretty near being utter nonsense. In a period where common sense, which is a standard in art as in everything else, is becoming an unknown quantity, it may pass for comedy. It has a superficial brightness, but no real appeal to the reason, no logic or basis of truth, although it pretends to set forth an argument against prudishness. Lord knows there is no prudishness to-day to be combated, in spite of the fact that there still exist alleged spinsters. Babies still occasionally occur in even the best of families,

and there is slight concealment about anything concerning them, so the author and her "Hush" have come too late.

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

UNFORTUNATELY for the Washington Square Players, their coming to a theatre like the Comedy places them in conventional surroundings that accentuate their amateurishness as actors. They are now so close to Broadway, and in such direct competition with the conventional theatre, that even their best friends must perceive the shortcomings which passed unnoticed when they were frankly amateurs with ambitions and ideas both shown in simpler surroundings.

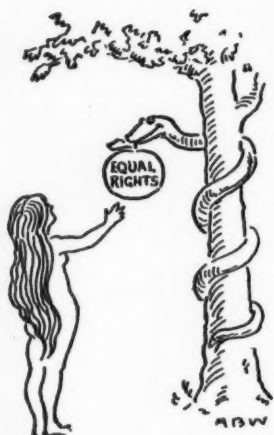
The new bill of the Washington Square Players comprises four playlets which, done by professionals under competent direction, would all have made credit for their authors. In their present rendering, despite the evident earnestness of the interpreters, awkwardness, bad reading and bad delivery rob new and original material of the better part of its effectiveness. The bill includes "The Sugar House," a serious bit of drawing from life in wintry New England; "Lover's Luck," a pretty literally translated comedy from the French of Porto-Riche; "A Merry Death," a Pierrot comedy from the Russian, and "Sisters of Susanna," original with Mr. Phillip Moeller, and dealing in humorous and sprightly fashion with the apocryphal story of Susanna and the elders, so familiar to Bible students and visitors to the art galleries of Europe. The last piece contains some up-to-date allusions and puts the Biblical story in a new light. "The Sugar House" is a little play with a new idea. In more experienced hands it would have possibilities. The harlequinade from the Russian requires a facility in acting not yet achieved by the Players.

The present bill of the company is not likely to be a huge, popular success, although it includes some features likely to attract the notice of managers looking for short plays and with the power to cast them with more experienced artists. However, the organization still represents the nearest we have to a theatre of ideas, and contains germs of promise.



"THE INTRUDER"

Takes its name from a clever and most interesting thief who took a mean advantage of a typical French domestic triangle to fill his pockets, but who vanished into thin air along somewhere in the second act and never was heard of again, to the sorrow of the audience. In fact, this thief made the usual triangle almost a quadrilateral. At the climax this disappearance was matched by a similar haziness with regard to the future of the wife and her lover, leaving the brisk and entertaining action of play during the early acts to dwindle to nothingness at the end, with three sides of the quadrilateral gone, no one knew where, and the deceived husband gazing out into space and apparently wondering who was going to see to it that his



slippers were properly warmed in the future.

Written by an Englishman, "The Intruder," with all its scenes and characters French, presented in an American theatre with a company mixed as to nationalities, it seemed as though the piece was intended to establish some kind of a new *entente* in the dramatic field. Unsatisfactory as the ending is, the play, up to its final climax, is an interesting and well acted melodramatic comedy.

"ARMS AND THE GIRL" is a near-naughty military farcical comedy with its scene laid in a part of Belgium captured early in the war. Its picturesque and humorous features are well interpreted by the very military Germans in possession of the conquered territory, and the romantic conditions appertain to two young Americans who are made bride and groom in spite of themselves by the Huns in possession. The piece is well acted, and its authors, Messrs. Grant Stewart and Robert Baker, have managed to accomplish the difficult task of constructing a non-partisan comedy out of the present war.

"Arms and the Girl" is as neutral as the gentleman in the White House, but much more amusing. Metcalfe.



LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES

Astor.—"His Majesty, Bunker Bean," with Mr. Taylor Holmes. Notice later.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. A cleverly written and cleverly played comedy with considerable satire directed at certain weaknesses of the medical profession.

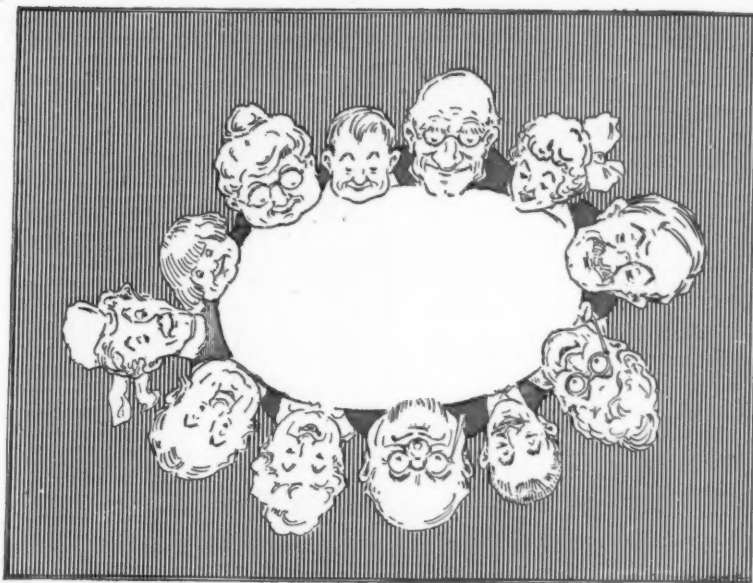
Booth.—"L'Enfant Prodigue," re-christened "Pierrot the Prodigal." Dainty pantomime, well staged and with Wormser's charming musical accompaniment well rendered.

Casino.—"Flora Bella," with Lina Ababanell. Pleasantly performed, diverting and tuneful comic operetta.

"Castles in the Air."—"The Bull Ring." Cabaret and vaudeville designed for after-theatre entertainment.



"HOME, JAMES!"



NO WONDER HE CRIES

THE NEW BABY'S FIRST VIEW FROM HIS BASSINET

Cohan's.—"Seven Chances," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. An eligible bachelor's efforts to extricate himself from a matrimonial dilemma presented in the form of highly amusing farcical comedy, well staged by Mr. Belasco.

Cohan and Harris's.—"The Intruder," by Mr. Cyril Harcourt. See above.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players in a new bill of playlets. See above.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Extremely complicated comedy depiction of what is alleged to be life in society on Long Island, with the episodes divided between the drawing-room and kitchen. Not accurate but amusing.

Criterion.—"Paganini," by Mr. Edward Knoblauch, with Mr. George Arliss in the title part. A not particularly interesting play, evidently written to give Mr. George Arliss an opportunity to recreate another of the eccentric characters of the past.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters," by Mr. Max Marcin. A novel crime play, full of surprises and with considerable humor. Well done.

Empire.—Margaret Anglin in "Caroline," by Mr. Somerset Maugham. The star wasting her charm and abilities as a comedienne on a polite comedy with just about enough dramatic material to make a fairly good curtain-raiser.

Forty-fourth Street.—"The Flame," by Mr. R. W. Tully. An elaborate and complicated mixture of lurid drama and spectacular effects, with the scene laid somewhere in the vicinity of Central America.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Rich Man, Poor Man," by Mr. George Broadhurst, from a story by Mr. Maximilian Foster. Notice later.

Fulton.—"Arms and the Girl," by Messrs. Grant Stewart and Robert Baker. See above.

Garrick.—"Poilu." Notice later.

Globe.—Mr. Raymond Hitchcock in musical play, "Betty." Notice later.

Harris.—"Under Sentence," by Messrs. R. C. Megrue and Irvin Cobb. Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"The Big Show." An elaborate and megatherian conglomeration of vaudeville, ballet, spectacle and expert skating, all brilliant and stunning.

Hudson.—"Pollyanna." A charming and well-acted "kiddie" play with more humor than is usually to be found in drama of this sort.

Liberty.—"Intolerance." The moving picture at its biggest, and with a not highly successful attempt to present an argument.

Little.—"Hush," by Violet Pearn. See above.

Longacre.—Mr. William Collier in "Nothing But the Truth," by Mr. James Montgomery. Original and laugh-provoking farcical comedy with the star in the congenial rôle of a sort of modern George Washington, in the particular that he cannot tell a lie.

Lyric.—Closed.

Lyceum.—Mr. Otis Skinner in "Mister Antonio," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. Excellent work by a finished artist, and an American comedy with considerable virility and power to amuse.

Marine Elliott's.—"Fixing Sister," by Mr. Lawrence Whitman, with Mr. William Hodge. Notice later.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back," by Mr. J. E. Goodman. Well staged and well acted American play with red blood corpuscles. Something between melodrama and comedy.

Princess.—"Very Good, Eddie." A musical play, very light, but strong enough to last into two seasons and endure shifting among three different theatres.

Republic.—The Dolly Sisters in "His Bridal Night." A fairly amusing farce, with the sisters very much at their best when they dance instead of trying to act.

Shubert.—"The Girl from Brazil." A more than usually amusing comic operetta agreeably presented.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Backfire," by Mr. Stuart Fox. Notice later.

Winter Garden.—"Passing Show of 1916." Elaborate girl-and-music entertainment for the t. b. m., constructed on the theory that at the Winter Garden all the rows are bald-headed rows.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—Midnight entertainment for pleasure-seekers who are too tired to sleep.

400 Babies

PICTURE, if you can, what LIFE's readers have done for the orphaned children of France. Did you ever see four hundred babies together? We never have, and it baffles our imagination to visualize such a gathering. But four hundred babies have been given a better chance to live and become useful citizens of the future France through the generosity of LIFE's readers. That is a concrete fact which it takes no imagination to realize.

That doctors are, not all bad is demonstrated by the fact that one of them sent us \$146, accompanied by this verse:

Say, LIFE, you of the facile pen,
Whose pleasing wit makes glad
the hearts of men,
You who are ready with the
word to smite
The wrong and to uphold the
right,
Although betimes you are a perfect chump
And losing sense, delight to
beat and thump
Men groping for the truth of
healing's art
(Pray do not think you make our hides too smart),
We know you wrong us in your ignorance.
But this you're doing for that dear old France.
Say, LIFE! That is a thing worth while,
To wipe her tears away and make her children smile
Through the long-lasting clouds of grief and pain—
The tender children of those fathers slain.
We differ, but in this thing we are one.
We love new France, and hate the hateful Hun.
Our hearts are with you, LIFE; our purses, too.
We differ, but we doff our hats to you.
We thank you, LIFE, for giving us a chance
To do this good. Enclosed's a *Vive La France*.

HAVERHILL, MASS., Sept. 22, 1916.

And here is another of those proofs of character, to show that the aid of LIFE's readers is not misdirected:

AIGUILHE, Sept. 10, 1916.

MONSIEUR: The committee for the distribution of American gifts to the orphans of the war having included one of my three children among its wards, I hasten to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the benefits which the American people continue to bestow upon us, and of which we will always preserve a grateful memory.

We were living at Wiseppe, near Stenay, Meuse, and had a good-sized farm. When the Germans arrived, the 28th of August, 1914, we remained in the country, and shortly afterwards misfortune burst upon us. Not only did we have to suffer the presence of the Germans, but also the lack of news from those who had left us for the war. On the 31st of August an incendiary shell burst quickly and entirely our home and the next house, without our having the time to save anything whatever.

Later I learned that seven days afterwards an irrepar-



EUGENIE MARIE, BABY NO. 150, AND HER NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD WIDOWED MOTHER

able misfortune had fallen upon me—the death of my poor husband, killed the 7th of September, 1914, in the Battle of the Marne, at Sermaize-les-Bains, by a bullet in the forehead. He was born at Stenay, June 11th, 1881.

You who take pity on our grief will understand how great it is, but also how precious a comfort is the moral and material aid, like yours, that meets one on this journey.

But I will take up again my story. Not being able to work in the fields as the Germans wished, because my youngest child was not yet eight months old, the whole family was inscribed as a burden, and on this account was expelled seven months afterwards at the end of March, 1915. Entering Switzerland, we were met with a distribution of useful supplies, and from Annemasse, the first French station, we were directed to the Haute Loire.

We are given a daily allowance of a franc and a quarter for myself and one half a franc for each of my children, which is not enough to live upon. Therefore I work afternoons as a gardener from half-past one to half-past eight, for one franc additional. It requires courage to put ourselves again to work, as we

are unhappy widows, owning only that which we have upon our backs and having the duty to raise our children.

If any other information will be useful to you, I am at your entire service, and beg you to accept again the assurances of our gratitude and of our respectfully devoted sentiments. LOUISE DEFORGES, Veuve LAMARRE.

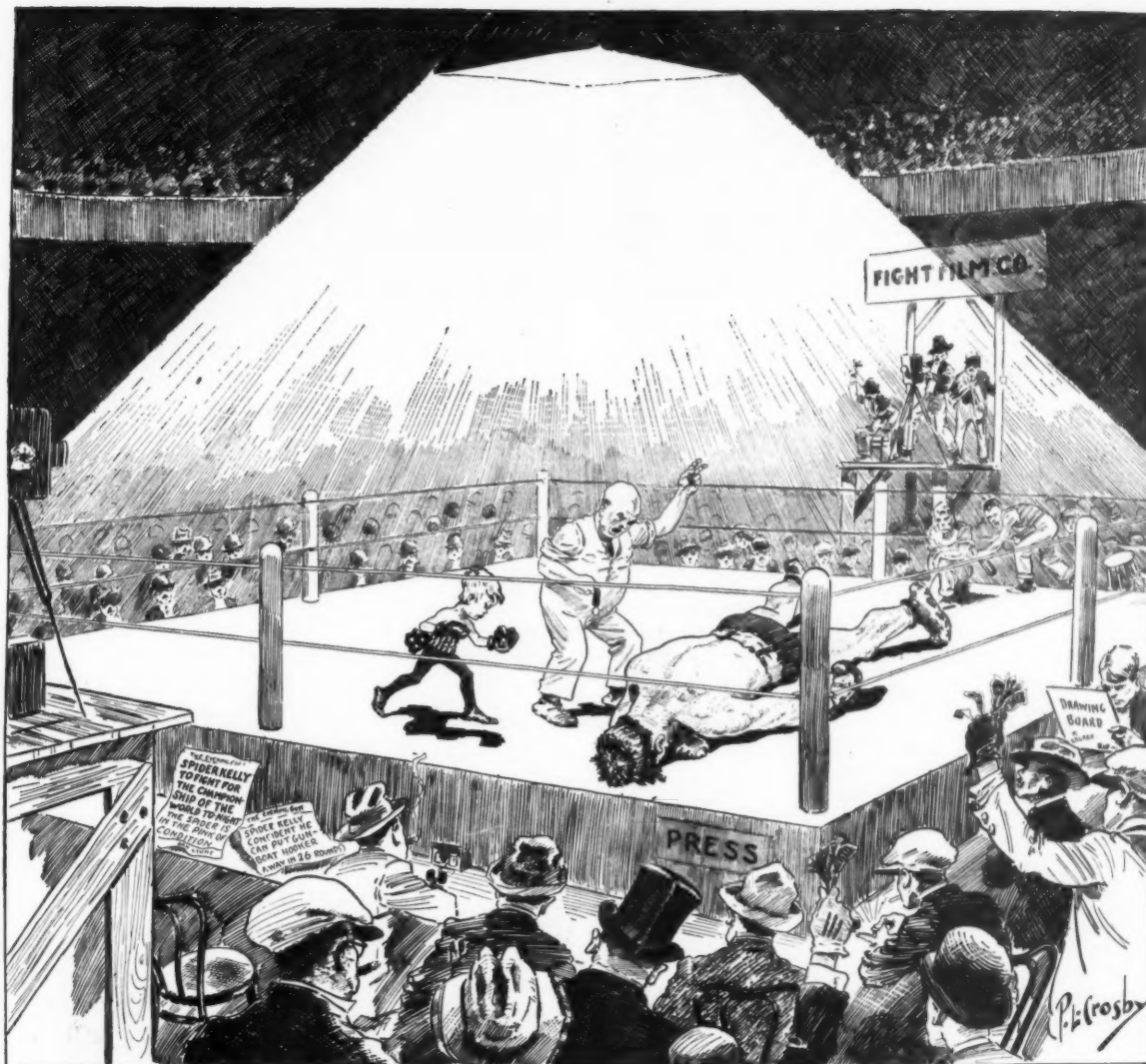
To the date of going to press we have received \$29,210, from which we have remitted to the Orphelinat des Armées 151,960.64 francs. We gratefully acknowledge from

N. O. Nelson, New Orleans, La., for Baby No. 389...	\$73
Mrs. L. W. Ausley, Great Neck, L. I., for Baby No. 390	73
Mrs. T. G. Lovelace, Peoria, Ill., for Baby No. 391...	73
Mrs. Mary S. Macdougall, Haverhill, Mass., for Baby No. 392	73
Dr. Duncan Macdougall, Haverhill, Mass., for Baby No. 393	73
"In memory of Louise A. Morrison, Memphis, Tenn., for Baby No. 394	73
Margaret Bates Knapp, Copenhagen, Denmark, for Baby No. 395	73
The Whitney Children (Carol, Eric and Henry), Glen Cove, L. I., for Baby No. 396	73
Mrs. Meta K. Moore, Berkeley, Cal., for Baby No. 397	73
Mrs. Andreini, New York City, for Baby No. 398	73
Julia White Brown, Winchendon, Mass., for Baby No. 399	73
"Anonymous," Lansing, Mich., for Baby No. 400	73

FOR BABY NUMBER 385

Already acknowledged	\$22.55
Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Urquhart, Bugalagrande, Colombia, S. A.	5
Harry E. Bateman, Philadelphia, Pa.	10
E. S. H., B. B., G. B., M. H. H. and W. H., Megansett, Mass.	1
A. C. Arcata, Cal.	5
H. G. White, Lockhart, Ala.	2
Ben and John Duniway, Laramie, Wyo.	2

\$47.55



IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

Who Pays?

REGARDLESS of the piffling distinctions of party politics, indirect taxation has done virtually its damndest in the way of raising the wind without causing the shorn worm to turn. A program of preparedness means direct taxes, and direct taxes mean, sooner or later, an abatement of our ardor for a place in the sun.

Blaming the fall of nations to their form of government doesn't get us anywhere. If history means anything it means that the structure of government, no matter what its form, breaks down when it gets to cost more than it is worth. Patriotic sophistries serve to hold it up for awhile, but not forever.

Town, county, state and nation, each with us essays some function of government, and together they pile up the cost at a dizzy rate. If we don't pay the tithe as yet, we are headed toward it and going strong.

There's a limit. If democracies choose to be as costly as kingdoms, there's no magic in them to avert the fate by which kingdoms have been overtaken.

R. B.

"WOULD you mind if Cousin Letitia sat on the front seat with you, dear?"

HE: Remember, I have got to drive the car.

"But Letitia won't mind that; she can talk just the same."



The Deal That Never Came Off

(Or, Business Life in the Great City)

"H'E'LL be here on the noon train," said the chief clerk.

Whittler looked at his watch; he just had time enough to get it.

"You realize, of course, sir," said the chief clerk, "that he is a very important man, and judging by his letters he is somewhat peculiar. He has been living off in the country so long that he may not be used to city ways."

The chief clerk was never offensive; his interest in the business gave him certain liberties. Whittler appreciated his advice.

"I suppose if we can put this thing through," he said, "it would make a difference of twenty-five or thirty thousand?"

"Easily, sir. Here is the letter."

Whittler noticed that the man's name was Pentwind, and, thrusting the letter into his pocket, he started off for the train. He had come to depend upon his chief clerk; but here was a case where only the principals could act. The deal which was on with Pentwind necessitated a quiet confab together; and as Whittler went toward the station he planned the affair tentatively. He would do the usual thing, in metropolitan fashion. He would take Pentwind out to luncheon, and they would talk it over.

Twenty minutes later he was grasping the hand of a rather bewildered looking gentleman, who had stepped off of the train and looked around him somewhat fearfully. Above the din he leaned forward and shouted into Whittler's ear:

"I am going to get back as soon as I can. Not used to the city; hate it like the devil. Let's go to some place where we can talk this thing over."

"Just the place," shouted Whittler, over the sound of trucking baggage and heterogeneous whistles—not to speak of distant clangings. "We'll step right over and have a bite to eat."

He dragged Pentwind out into the street, pushed him gently into a waiting taxi, and they whirled rapidly away to the restaurant rendezvous.

Whittler, taking his guest's arm, led him through the noonday mob, past hurrying waiters, until they finally succeeded in finding two seats at a small table in a corner. Whittler picked up the menu. At this instant a loud burst of music almost took his country friend out of his chair. Pentwind leaned forward and shouted:

"We can't talk business here. This is fearful!"

"I can assure you," said Whittler, "that this is the quietest place in town. You see, we are as far away from the music as we can get. You will get used to it in a few moments."

His country friend shook his head dolefully.

"Can't think!," he cried. "Let's eat something and get out of here. See if you can't find some other place. How is your office?"

They swallowed a hasty luncheon. Whittler rushed him out of the place, put him into another taxi, and they started for his office. Whittler put his guest down in the chair. The chief clerk, hovering in the distance, discreetly closed the door.

"This is something like," said Pentwind. "Now about that—"

(Continued on page 645)



NEW YORK, 1916

OUR MODERN METHOD

Woman says police burst into dwelling to seize sick baby. Declares they drew pistols and tore child from her arms by force.—News headline.

the soup of the epicure



*When smart
women buy*

They weigh the exchange. They consider values.

And they purchase Franco-American Soups. Not only for their delicate and exclusive French perfection. Not only for their delightful variety and convenience (all ready to serve). But also because in sheer "value received for the money spent" these famous soups stand unique and quite alone.

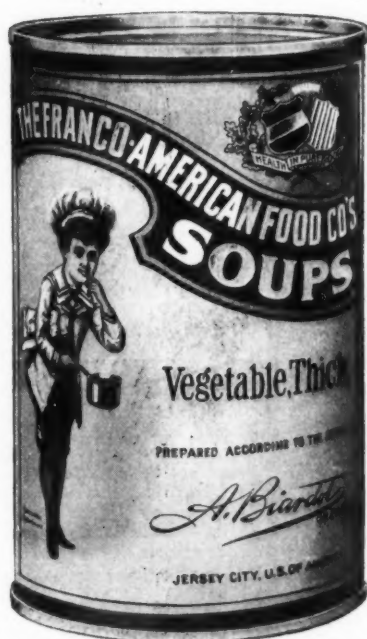
Select any one of these soups at random—say the Vegetable, thick—and note what *actually goes into it*. Beef from the meatiest, most nutritive portions of the fore quarters; the sweetest hearts of Chantenay carrots; nursling onions; tomatoes that taste of the sun and the dew and the pleasant places of mother-earth; turnips without fleck or flaw; the tenderest leaves of young cabbage; saucy little leeks; crisp celery; barley; peas plucked in early June! All blended and seasoned with true Gallic finesse!

This is the Vegetable Soup, thick. Telephone your grocer for it and let it give its touch of distinction and delight to your dinner this very evening!

Twenty cents the can—Double size, thirty-five cents

Merely heat before serving

At the better stores



Franco - American Soups

Selections:

Tomato
Mock Turtle
Ox Tail, thick
Clear Ox Tail
Consommé
Bouillon

Julienne
Mutton Broth
Clear Vegetable
Vegetable, thick
Chicken Consommé
Chicken Gumbo

Clam Chowder
Clam Broth
Chicken
Beef
Pea
Mulligatawny

Green Turtle, thick (45c) Clear Green Turtle (60c)

*Makers of Franco-American Broths for Invalids and Children
Beef—Chicken—Mutton—Clam—15c the can*

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.



He Knew It Was Dangerous

An Englishman was seeing his first game of baseball, and the "fan" was explaining the different plays as they were being made.

"Don't you think it's great?" enthusiastically asked the "fan."

"Well," replied the Englishman, "I think it's very exciting, but also a very dangerous game."

"Dangerous nothing," replied the fan. Just then a runner was put out at second base.

"What has happened now?" asked the Englishman.

"Chick Smith has died at second," laconically replied the fan.

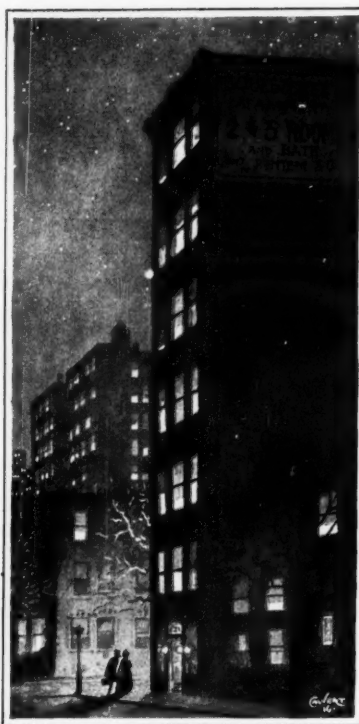
"Died at second?" replied the astonished Briton. "I knew it was a dangerous game."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Two soldiers caused some amusement at a golf course the other day. The first man teed up and made a mighty swipe, but failed to shift the ball. The miss was repeated no fewer than three times.

His pal was unable to stand it any longer.

"For heaven's sake, Bill," he broke out, "hit the bloomin' thing. You know we have only four days' leave."

—*Tit-Bits*.



Parents (making surprise visit to their married daughter in the city): NOW, HOW DID SHE KNOW WE WERE COMING? WHY, THEY'VE GOT EVERY ROOM IN THEIR HOUSE LIT UP FOR US.

News to Her

A traveling-man one night found himself obliged to remain in a small town on account of a washout on the railroad caused by the heavy rain, which was still coming down in torrents. The traveling-man turned to the waitress with:

"This certainly looks like the Flood."

"The what?"

"The Flood. You've read about the Flood, and the ark landing on Mount Ararat, surely."

"Gee! Mister," she returned, "I ain't seen a paper for three days."—*Harper's*.

A Desperate Chance

The prisoner, up on a criminal charge, was asked by the court if he had yet secured an attorney.

"No; I haven't any money," was the reply.

"Then the court will appoint one," said the judge. "Now, there are Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown and Mr. Green," pointing to the young attorneys waiting, briefless and breathless, for something to turn up, "and Mr. Alexander is out in the corridor."

The prisoner eyed the budding attorneys and, after a critical survey, said: "Well, I guess I'll take Mr. Alexander."

—*Argonaut*.

Doctor (examining recruit): And do you always stutter like that?

RECRUIT: N-n-no, sir. Only w-w-w when I t-t-talk.—*Punch*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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AS THE acceptance of a painting by a great museum is proof of its excellence, so the use of a piano by a great artist is of similar significance. Only a superb instrument—only the Baldwin—can meet the requirements of DePachman, Sembrich, LaForge, Bachaus, Alda, Scharwenka, Brown, Levitzki, Amato, and many others equally as famous.

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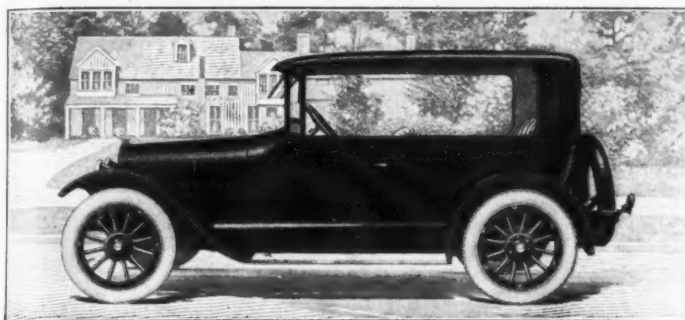
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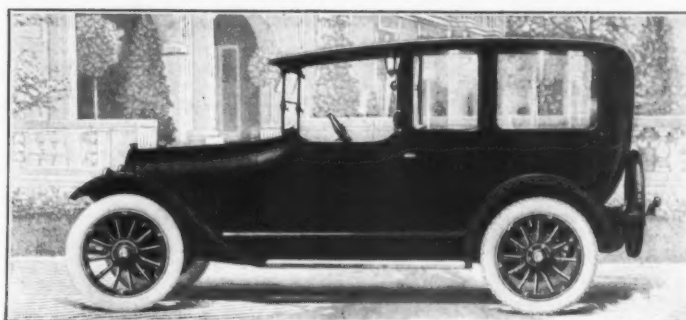
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The Superb Mitchell Limousine



26 EXTRA FEATURES
73 NEW CONCEPTIONS

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20% EXTRA VALUE
DUE TO FACTORY
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500 Exhibition Cars

Advance Designs in Bodies, for the January Shows

The Mitchell designers — under John W. Bate—have just completed five types of enclosed bodies for exhibit at next year's Shows.

They are built to make Mitchell bodies—like the Mitchell chassis—studies in efficiency.

We are building only 500 of these luxury cars. The trebled demand for Mitchell open cars prohibits building more. We wish to scatter those 500 all over America—a few in each locality. And in the hands of people who delight in extra-luxurious cars.

All Ideas Combined

Mr. Bate has applied to these body designs the same genius he applied to our chassis.

First, he had his experts and artists examine 257 this-year models—all the finest cars produced in Europe and America. So they started with the best that had been done, and added all they could.

Thus you will find here, combined in one car, about all the existing attractions. All the dainty touches, all the new ideas. And you will find

in each at least a score of appeals which no other one car embodies. That's Mr. Bate's idea of efficiency.

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You will find in this line all the favorite types. And in each you will find the model of that type—an advanced conception.

Two are all-weather models, which with thousands are displacing Touring Cars and Roadsters:

One is the Springfield type—a Touring Sedan whose windows drop. In any weather, any season, this is a perfect car—a Touring Car combined with a 7-passenger Sedan, appointed like a Limousine.

One is the Cabriolet, whose windows drop and whose top falls back.

This is both a Coupe and a Roadster.

We have also a demountable top. In the Mitchell Limousine and the Mitchell Coupe you will see the queen-cars of those types. They give a new meaning to luxury.

Go see these models at your Mitchell showroom before the local allotment is sold.

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These bodies come mounted on a Mitchell chassis, in which John W. Bate has made 700 improvements. It is now the last word in efficiency.

Every part has at least 50 per cent over-strength. All major strains are met with Chrome-Vanadium steel. All vital parts are oversize. And 440 parts are either drop-forged or steel-stamped.

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Racine
**For 5-Passenger Touring Car
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7-Passenger Touring Car \$35 Extra.
Equipped with Demountable Top Only,
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Limousine, \$2650 Touring Sedan, \$1985
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High-speed, economical Six—48 horsepower;
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Looking Far Ahead

One of the diminutive flower maidens at an English flower fête attended by the Queen Mother was both pretty and plump, and when Her Majesty stopped to smile down upon her she put up her wee mouth for a kiss, which she received.

"Molly!" gasped the horrified mother. "How could you do it?"

Molly gave a sound reason. "I fought," she said, "it 'ud be interesting to tell to my gran'children."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"Good morning, Nora," said Mrs. Rogers. "Was the grocer's boy impudent to you again this morning when you phoned the order in?"

"He was that," complained Nora. "but I fixed him this time. I sez: 'Who in blazes do you think you're talkin' to? This is Mrs. Rogers.'"—Harper's.

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**MAKES THE PERFECT
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EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
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People of culture, refinement
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PREFER Deities to
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Anagyrus

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
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MYRTLE: Why don't you paint the sky blue?

MARY: 'Cos I've only got Prussian blue, and I'm not going to use that till the war's over.—London Opinion.

LIFE IN THE HOME

Are you fond of pretty pictures, then send for a copy of "Her Home," with free samples of those dainty

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Push-less Hangers, and other Push devices, to help you beautify your home. They will not mar the finest surface.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

The Last Word in Dress Reform

"Will you alter this gown to fit me?" asked the young lady of her dressmaker. The *couturière* raised her hands in pious horror.

"Certainly not, mademoiselle, certainly not," she answered. "Why, that isn't done any more. You must be altered, to fit the gown."—Ladies' Home Journal.



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How Present-Day Parents Keep the Hat-Rack Filled

These are times when the Home attractions must win against a host of outside allurements. Yet Carom and Pocket Billiards played at home are doing it.

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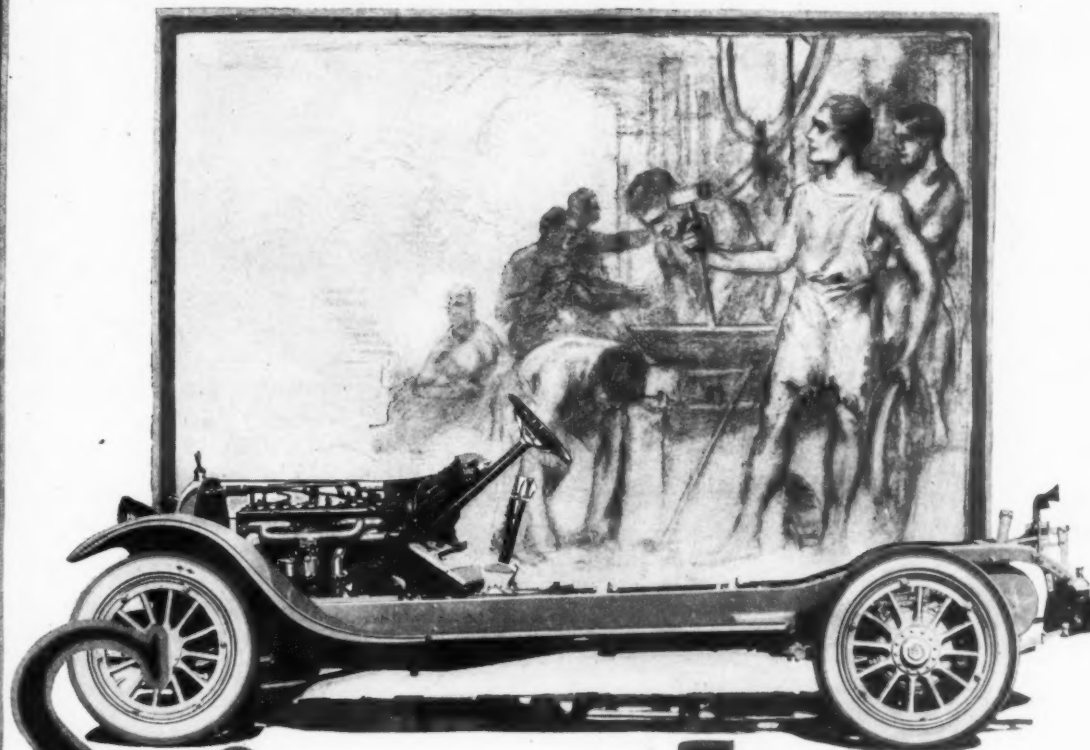
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Sixty per cent new; 800 rooms in all; an organization of contented employes who have worked together for years; a hotel that is quite modern, but has its traditions too; a delightful, dignified and desirable home for people of taste when they come to the Sixth City—that is more of the story.

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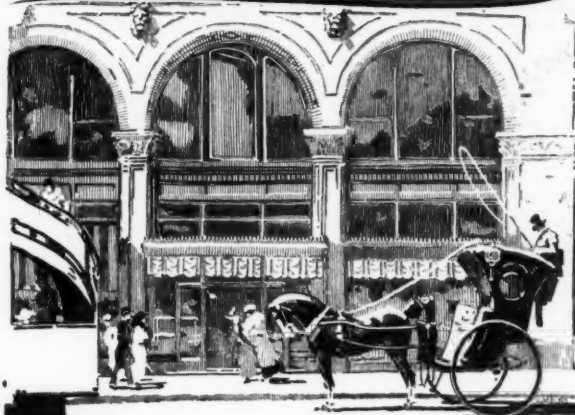
For two persons—\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00.

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Suites at various prices.



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Chocolates
Bon Bons—French Bonbonnières

Maillard Candies packed in French Bonbonnières (Exclusive Importation) or Fancy Boxes to order, and when requested made ready for safe delivery to all parts of the world.

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IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME YOU'D BE SUNSTRUCK!

Republicans, Progressives, Independents, and Democrats

of the Andrew Jackson type—the American and National type

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This is a time for UNIVERSAL service by the rank and file of the Republican Party, and by those who believe in its principles. Enroll yourself at the National Headquarters as a Sustaining Member of the Republican Party by sending a check for ten dollars together with your name and address to Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., Treasurer, 513 Fifth Avenue, New York. In return you will promptly receive a Certificate of Membership as reproduced below.



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WE believe that the honor, safety and vital interests of our country, the preservation of her prosperity, and the maintenance of her just and fitting rank among Nations demand the election of Charles Evans Hughes as our President.

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Please enroll me at the
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Address

Stop Carelessness! Save Hair!

Carelessness destroys more hair than age.

Care, on the other hand, means beauty to many unpromising heads of hair.

The refreshing, purifying pine-lather of Packer's Tar Soap has a helpful effect on the hair and scalp from the very first use. After each shampoo you will notice the new beauty of *natural* coloring brought out.

Continued shampooing with Packer's is the kind of care that tends toward permanent hair-health. Send 10c for sample cake.

Write for our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," 36 pages of practical information, free on request.

Packer's Tar Soap

"Pure as the Pines"

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap cleanses the hair and scalp delightfully. Delicately perfumed. Liberal sample bottle 10c.

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Dept. 85E, 81 Fulton St.
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MANY a warm friendship has been opened with the classic phrase, "Have One."

But until the Havone Cigarette Case was invented, there was always more or less difficulty in getting one.

The Havone Cigarette Case carries each cigarette in its own compartment—straight-up, clean, inviting and easy to get at.

No mused or broken cigarettes—no fumbling when taking a cigarette from the case.

The Havone is as easily filled as an ordinary case.

Havone Cases are made in heavy Silver-plate, in Solid Sterling, and 14 K Gold. The silver-plated cases at \$5 are especially popular.

If your dealer hasn't stocked up on the HAVONE, send us \$5 and we will mail you one direct—either plain finished, or with monogram spot, or one of the all-over patterns. At any rate, send us your name on a post-card for one of our handsome catalogues.

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The Millennium Will Come

WHEN rulers have learned to sacrifice personal ambition for the lives and happiness of their subjects.

When the rich cease to extort the community for the necessities of life.

When patriotism inspires the maker of laws and the subject of laws.

When the strong help the weak.

When everyone's motto is: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

When history ceases to repeat itself.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

THE frog who would a-wooing go was a wise little batrachian. He always ordered LIFE in advance from his newsdealer, so that he would be sure to have an acceptable offering for the object of his affections.



"HEAVENS, EMMA! I DO WISH YOU'D TAKE TIME TO STOOP A LITTLE WHEN YOU EMBRACE ME."

They mean foot comfort, safety and economy. No dirt-gathering holes. 50c attached—gray or tan—all Dealers

LOOK FOR THE RED PLUG-IT PREVENTS SLIPPING

SPRING-STEP

RUBBER HEEL

Send 30c to Spring Step, 105 Federal Street, Boston, and get 2 packs of Tally-ho Quality Playing Cards that would cost 60c elsewhere

CASCADE

HIGHBALL



A Hint to Editors

ANY editor wishing to get into hot water can easily do so by suggesting that the South is capable of an occasional mistake in handling the negro question. The South prides itself on many things, but, most of all, it believes its attitude toward the negro to be inspired, to partake of such a wonderfully inscrutable perfection that no man, especially if he lives north of Mason and Dixon's line, is wise enough to find a flaw in it.

Some of the keenest and most conscientious editors of the nation have ventured to suggest points here and there where the situation might be improved, but they were invariably reminded to keep off of subjects which they could know nothing about. Let us hope, therefore, that the South will justify the supreme reverence it shows for the course it has selected. Let us hope it will ultimately bring peace on earth, good will toward black and white men, and that we can all go to heaven together, but that Brother Charon will have foresight enough to provide separate conveyances across the River Styx.

ALEXANDER the GREAT

Ordered Shaving to Ensure VICTORY



SHORTLY before marching against Darius, Alexander the Great chanced to see a fragment from a Babylonian bas-relief, depicting a victor holding an enemy by the beard while he put him to the sword. Immediately the great general or-

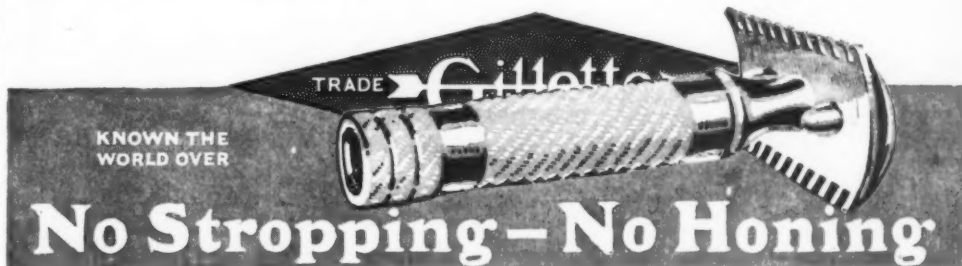
dered his soldiers to shave off their beards. The difficulty of shaving, during the succeeding campaigns, caused much grumbling and at times threatened revolts.

In the world-war today *clean shaving* is ordered in practically all armies—for sanitary reasons and to expedite dressing of subsequent wounds, but largely on account of the *bracing effect* on the men.

On all fronts the man with a Gillette Safety Razor is said to be the most popular man in his squad. In almost every company from a *dozen to fifty* *Gillettes* are owned and loaned about.

The Gillette shave is quick and cool, safe and sanitary. It is velvet-smooth, no matter how wiry the beard or tender the skin. Adjust the handle for a light or a close shave. A keen, fresh blade is always ready. No stropping—no honing. Prices \$5 to \$50. Blades 50c. and \$1 the packet. Dealers everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON



Cuts and small wounds may be protected against infection by promptly using

LISTERINE

The Safe Antiseptic



Our Leading Humorists
THE following list of leading humorists of the United States, although carefully prepared, is, nevertheless, somewhat tentative and therefore subject to change upon the presentation of further convincing information:

Henry Ford.
Theodore Roosevelt.
William Howard Taft.
F. A. Munsey.
W. J. Bryan.
Josephus.

Man the Hypocrite

MAN is a poor, weak biological specimen. He spends his life making good resolutions and formulating strict ethical codes for the guidance of himself and his fellows. These ethical codes, consisting in the main of restrictions upon his pleasure, he shouts from the house tops in the most public manner possible.

Hardly does he utter them, however, than he sets about in surreptitious ways to disregard them. Such is man. It is not so much that he leadeth a double life, but that he leadeth a single hypocritical life.



Eaten on bread,
crackers or toast
—fine on saltines.

BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER



Glass of
Full Cream
Milk

Sandwich of
Beech-Nut
Peanut Butter



MOTHERS AND FATHERS:
Each Will Feed Your Child the Same
Amount of Strength, Heat and Energy

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK

Makers of

Beech-Nut Bacon; Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup; Beech-Nut Chili Sauce;
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Crabapple and Red Currant Jellies;
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Peach Jams; Beech-Nut Orange and Grape Fruit Marmalades;
Cherry Preserve; Beech-Nut Chewing Gum,
Mints, Cloves and Wintergreens

ASK YOUR DEALER

Appraisal

ONE morning, Mollie, the colored maid, appeared before her mistress, carrying, folded in a handkerchief, a five-dollar gold piece and all her earthly possessions in the way of jewelry.

This package she proffered her mistress, with the request that Miss Sallie take it for safe keeping.

"Why, Mollie!" exclaimed the mis-



For a COMPLEXION Like Hers

simply do what Louise Huff and other famous stars do, whose complexions are subject to particular notice—use Carmen Complexion Powder. Then you will have a complexion of peach-and-cream charm.

Blends perfectly with the tones of the skin—and it adheres. Does not rub or blow off.

Gives a clear, glowing complexion that is always beautiful despite glaring light and perspiration. Why put up with ordinary face powders when Carmen will give you the most charming complexion beauty?

**CARMEN
Complexion
Powder**

Get a box today and see how delighted you will be. Insist on Carmen White, Pink, Flesh, Cream—56c Everywhere
Stafford-Miller Co., 521 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.



The KNOX SPORT COAT

A new and attractive Sport Coat by Knox. Both in design and fabric it is the perfect coat for motor-ing and all autumn and winter sports.

The material is the wonderful Camels Hair Cloth manufactured exclusively for Knox by the Worumbo Mills. It is very soft, very warm and very light in weight.

Made also into Polo Coats and in both models in a variety of colors.

KNOX
NEW YORK

FIFTH AVENUE at 40th STREET
and through Knox Dealers everywhere



tress in surprise. "Are you going away?"

"Naw'm, I ain' goin' nowheres," Mollie declared. "But me an' Jim Harris we wuz married this mawnin'. Yas'm, Jim, he's a new nigger in town. You don' know nothin' 'bout him, Miss Sallie. I don' know nothin' 'bout him myself. He's er stranger to me."

Miss Sallie glanced severely at the little package of jewelry.

"But, Mollie," she demanded, "don't you trust him?"

"Yas'm," replied Mollie, unruffled. "Cose I trus' him, personally—but not wid ma valuables."

"I'm awfully sorry that my engagements prevent my attending your charity concert, but I shall be with you in spirit."

"Splendid! And where would you like your spirit to sit? I have tickets here for half a dollar, a dollar and two dollars."—Garaovle.

The Hostess's Handbook

An indispensable book for registering SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS, INVITATIONS RECEIVED and GIVEN for DINNERS and PARTIES, INVITATIONS ACCEPTED and RETURNED. A Section for addresses of MARRIED and UNMARRIED acquaintances which will be very useful when someone is needed to fill in at the last moment. The book is also a most complete Address and Telephone Register—space for 1200 names. Neatly bound in leather, BLUE, PURPLE and TAN. Size 7 1/4 x 9 1/4—224 pages. Without Pocket \$5.00 With Pocket \$6.50

Postage extra

E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

No Pleasing Them

WHAT would have happened to the country if Congress had not passed the Adamson bill, is just another of the horrible mysteries that have attended Mr. Wilson's course. We don't know what would have happened if he had protested the violation of Belgium, nor what if he had sent home Herr von Bernstorff after the Lusitania was sunk, nor what if he had recognized Huerta, nor what if he had let the Brotherhoods strike. Republicans maintain that he did awfully wrong in each of these instances, and that we would be a better and happier people if he had

Dioxogen

After you shave—

do you neglect your face altogether—do you slap on sweet smelling toilet water or powders—or do you do the logical, hygienic thing and bathe your face with Dioxogen?

Dioxogen takes away the smart, disinfects and heals scratches, stops cuts from bleeding, and leaves the face clean and fresh, cool and smooth.

Oakland Chemical Co.
10 Astor Place
New York



done the opposite of what he did. But it is all guesswork about the results of what wasn't done. All one can be sure of is that if Mr. Wilson had done in these cases the opposite of what he did, the Republican papers would be saying now the opposite of what they are saying. They are cursing him out elaborately for averting that strike, but it is nothing to what they would have said of him if he hadn't.

453,952,298 Passengers Safely Carried



The Steel Car Route

Four Hundred and Fifty-three Million, Nine Hundred and Fifty-two Thousand, Two Hundred and Ninety-eight passengers were carried by the Pennsylvania Railroad System during the last two and a half years without the loss of the life of a single passenger in a train accident.

The chief factors in this safety record are *all-steel cars, thorough inspection, sure signals, and a comprehensive system of efficiency tests.*

16,658,649 efficiency tests made on the Pennsylvania Railroad during the past three and a half years show a perfection average of practically 100 per cent. for trainmen in the observance of signal orders and train rules.

The Rochester, N. Y., *Post Express* says: "In the matter of protecting the lives of its patrons the Pennsylvania has set an example of perfect railroad service."

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

The Standard Railroad of the World

Purity Cross Creamed Chicken

A LA KING

THE King's dish just as prepared by the world's great chefs, ready to serve on toast or patty shells. A treat for guests. 25c and 50c at best grocers, or direct at \$1.45 or \$2.85, half dozen respective sizes. Express prepaid if you mention your best grocer's name. Write for booklet "How and When." Mention a fine dealer.

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Route 2-C.

The Latest Books

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT and George Moore have each published a new novel. Bluestockingly speaking, Mr. Moore should come first. But in a democratic country where majorities rule, and where "nearly seven million" copies of Mr. Wright's novels have been sold, he is surely entitled to precedence. "When a Man's a Man" (The Book Supply Company, \$1.35) is a story of the cattle country—of a nameless stranger, very low in his mind and conscious of his own unworthiness, who turns up at a ranch, gets a job, knocks out the local fist-champion, rides man-killing bronchos, catches cattle thieves, arranges love affairs and then, having "made good" and regained his self-esteem, passes on, presumably to make a new start in life. Who was he? Why did he do it? Ah! That is one of the mysteries of the tale. But it is the lesser mystery, so one can reveal it without injustice. The man, it seems, had been a millionaire! The real mystery is how Mr. Wright can knead such dough with a straight face, and why seven million people, starving amid plenty, eat it.

GEORGE MOORE'S "The Brook Kerith" (Macmillan, \$1.50) is easily the most many-sidedly challenging piece of literature published in English in the present century. Its subject is the life of Christ. Its conception of the facts—its pivotal assumption being that Jesus survived the crucifixion, and its interpretative denouement being reached through a supposed meeting between him and Paul twenty years later—is inherently sensational. But its presentation of these assumed facts is a masterpiece of technique in which their strident sensationalism is muted by a perfect naturalism of approach and by



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an exquisite monotony of linguistic simpleness. And just as no single reading of the book can exhaust for an individual reader its possibilities as a well of wonderful English, as an intricate and subtly-dealt-with work of art, as a fictional evocation of the past, and as a study of human nature and of the psychology of theological dialectics, so nothing but time, and plenty of it, can settle the book's real place in contemporary letters.

IN giving one hundred and sixty-eight words to a discussion of "The Brook Kerith" one leaves something like fifty interesting aspects of the work untouched; one of which is the consistent skill with which it offers to its readers not argument or demonstration, but a connected series of conceptual molds into which they must pour their own understanding of life. If one has a pint of jelly on the stove, a dozen quart jars are mere clutter. Here, however, is a charming little jelly-mold. It is by Ethel Hueston, who wrote "Prudence of the Parsonage," and is called "Prudence



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and then discovers that the disclosed disaster has already been discounted. One reads Mr. ——'s book with hope deferred and then, like Pilate, uses a philosophical tag as a cake of soap.

J. B. Kerfoot.

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Said Simple Simon to the newsman:

"Put me down for a copy of *LIFE*, every week, so that you won't be able to tell me you've 'sold out'," showing that Simon wasn't so simple after all.

Says So" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.25). It continues the history of the five young girl-Methodists in an Iowa clergyman's family, and if you haven't already met them you will doubtless enjoy doing it now.

"CHINESE ART MOTIVES INTERPRETED" (Putnam, \$1.75) is a title that might easily fail to suggest the contents of a little handbook dealing with the origin and significance of many conventionalized forms and symbolisms in Chinese decorations. The Oriental artist, like the lawyer in the West, achieves his individual triumphs in the terms of a maze of precedent. Mythology done in shorthand, legendary symbolism, representations of nature reduced by habit to a sort of sign language—all enter constantly into Chinese decorative art. The illustrations and text of Winifred Reed Tredwell's book supply a key to the most common of these puzzles.

AN unnamed writer—"one of the best known theatrical men in New York"—has been moved, on the verge of a projected retirement from business, to tell "The Truth About the Theatre" (Stewart & Kidd, \$1.00). It is astonishing how unmoved one can be by being assured on good authority that the worst is true! It is like Wall Street, where everyone gets wrought up over rumors,



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Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1916. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared James S. Metcalfe, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the business managers of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Life Publishing Company, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. Editor, J. A. Mitchell, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. Managing editor, T. L. Masson, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. Business managers, Andrew Miller and James S. Metcalfe, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. (2) That the owners are: Life Publishing Company, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City; J. A. Mitchell, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City; Andrew Miller, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: United States Trust Company, 45 Wall Street, New York City; North River Savings Bank, West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. James S. Metcalfe. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1916. (Seal) Wm. Krone, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1917.)

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Does a drink mean to you the exercise of a developed and discriminating taste?

Then in every mouthful of

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you will recognize the old and rare liquors, the master blending, and the soothing years in the wood before bottling.

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Evans' Ale

to add to the appreciation of the crispy bracing air and the pleasures of the sport Brings unique enjoyment to the well-earned meal in cottage, camp or club.

There's Evans' Stout too.

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C. H. EVANS & SONS, Established 1786, Hudson, N. Y.



After-Vacation Thoughts

I wish I was a little rock
A-settin' on a hill;
A-doin' nothing all day long
But just a-settin' still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
I wouldn't even wash;
I'd set and set a thousand years
and rest myself, by gosh!

The caption on the above is our own; the verse, unfortunately, is not. It was handed to us by a contrib., who got it from a friend who received a copy of it from a correspondent in California. Whether or not it has ever been published before he was not certain. But it was too good to let go to waste, so there it is.—R. O. C., in Philadelphia Public-Ledger.

DON'T risk your LIFE. You will if you don't order it in advance from your newsdealer.

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The Deal That Never Came Off

(Continued from page 630)

At this moment the telephone bell rang. Whittler answered it. "You were saying?" he said, putting down the receiver.

"I was saying that about that plot of land; of course, you will understand that the houses on it will have to be removed. Now, that is one of the chief—"

The telephone bell rang again. Whittler answered it.

"Look here," Pentwind said. "Can't you take me to some quiet place? You see, I am not used to this sort of thing. It gets on my nerves. I—"

Whittler answered the telephone once more, and taking his guest by the arm, led him out into the hall, where they

There is a certain quality possessed by some men which we call vitality.

It is being greatly alive—living each minute in full and keen consciousness—using the senses constantly and to full capacity.

Men of vitality, living as they do more fully than others, exercise their acute faculties in choosing the accessories of their daily lives and the means for their pleasure and comfort.

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were brushed against by crowds of people hurrying away from the elevator.

"By Jove!" he said, "I don't know what to say. Wait a moment—an idea!"

Once more he rushed his friend down stairs and signaled for another taxi, and they started for the park. Presently they were seated upon a bench, Whittler having dismissed the cab at the entrance.

"This is something like," said Pentwind, stretching his legs in front of him on the asphalt walk. "Now, as I was saying—that plot of land—"

Boom! Boom!

They both turned around simultaneously. There was blasting in the near distance.

Pentwind got up again—this time clapping his hands.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Take me

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back to the train. I am through. I vowed ten years ago that I never would come to this town again."

"Will you give me one more chance?" This time Whittler had a quiet, serene smile on his face as he led his friend slowly out of the park amid the reverberations of the blasting. Once more he hailed a taxi. He whispered the directions to the man. Twenty minutes later, serene and silent, they sat facing each other—both of them with looks of intense relief upon their faces—prepared



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Two young people, a girl and a boy shipwrecked in infancy on a desert island, do not meet until they are twenty years old. Previous to having met neither had ever seen a human being before. Naturally, their modes of living are extremely primitive and in a daring story Morgan Robertson tells of their awakening to the immutable laws of Nature. It's an idyll of

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young love. With mother instinct the girl has made a crude doll out of a piece of wood and a few rags. The man objects to this rival for her affections and his attempt to destroy the doll is their first quarrel. In the unfolding drama of their existence is focused the passions, the virtues, the joys and sorrows that have marked the race of man in his struggle from the cave days through the ages of time.

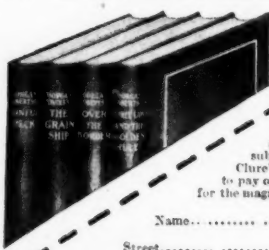
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to consummate their important deal. Pentwind somnolently lighted a cigar.

"Great idea of yours," he said, "bringing me to this graveyard. As I was saying—"

At this moment an official rode up on a wheel:

"Do you own a plot here?" he asked.

"No; we only came here for a few moments' rest."

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